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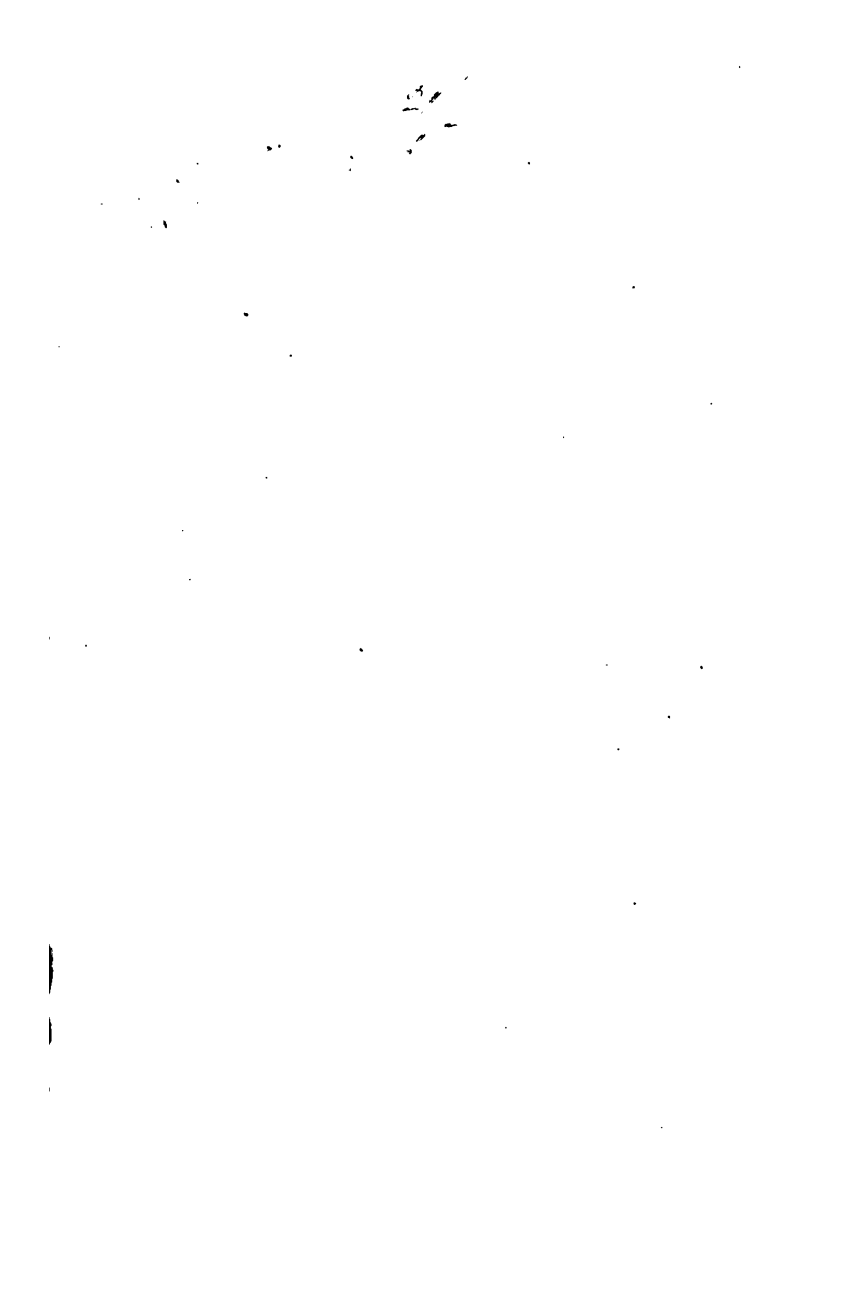
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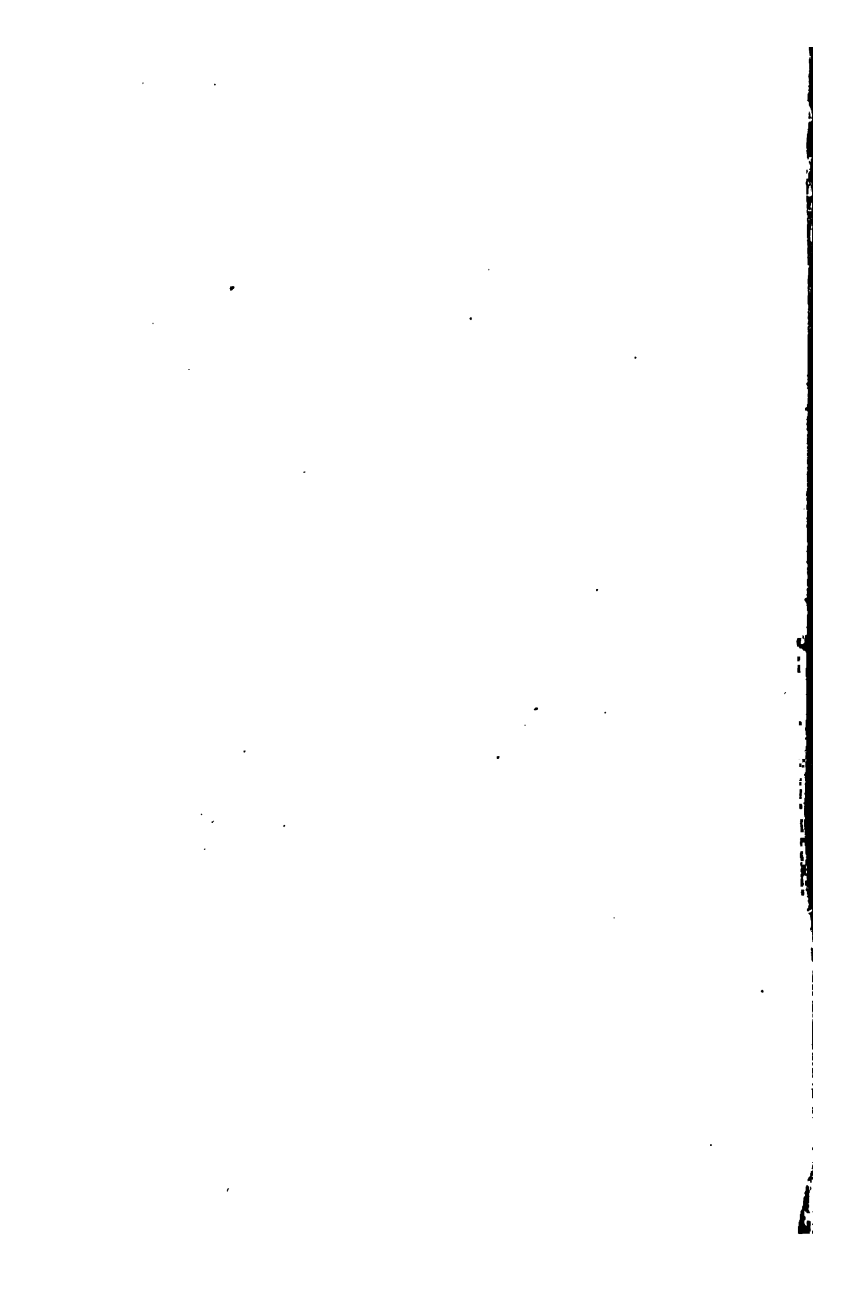


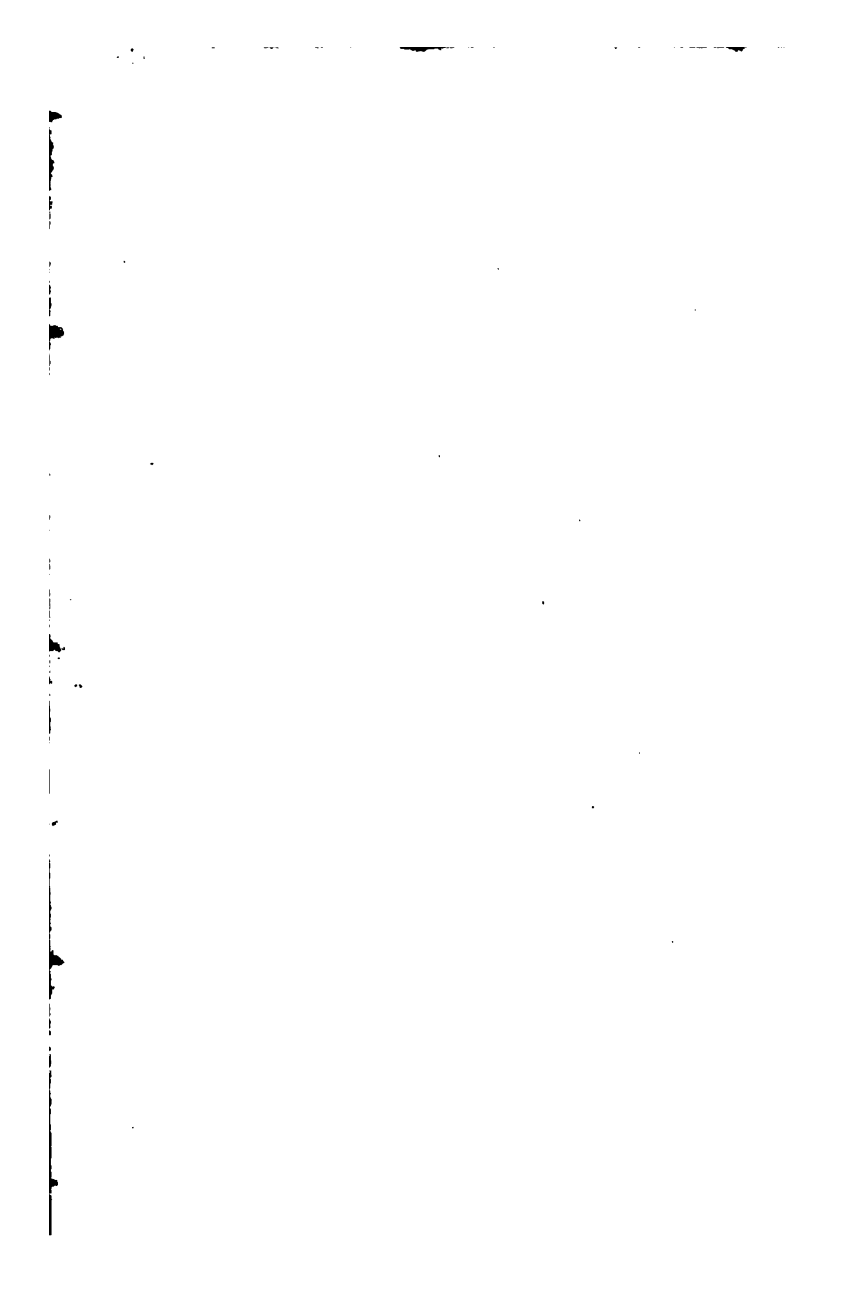


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CLIFFTON CLOVE,  
near the Housay, at the foot of the Vellacham





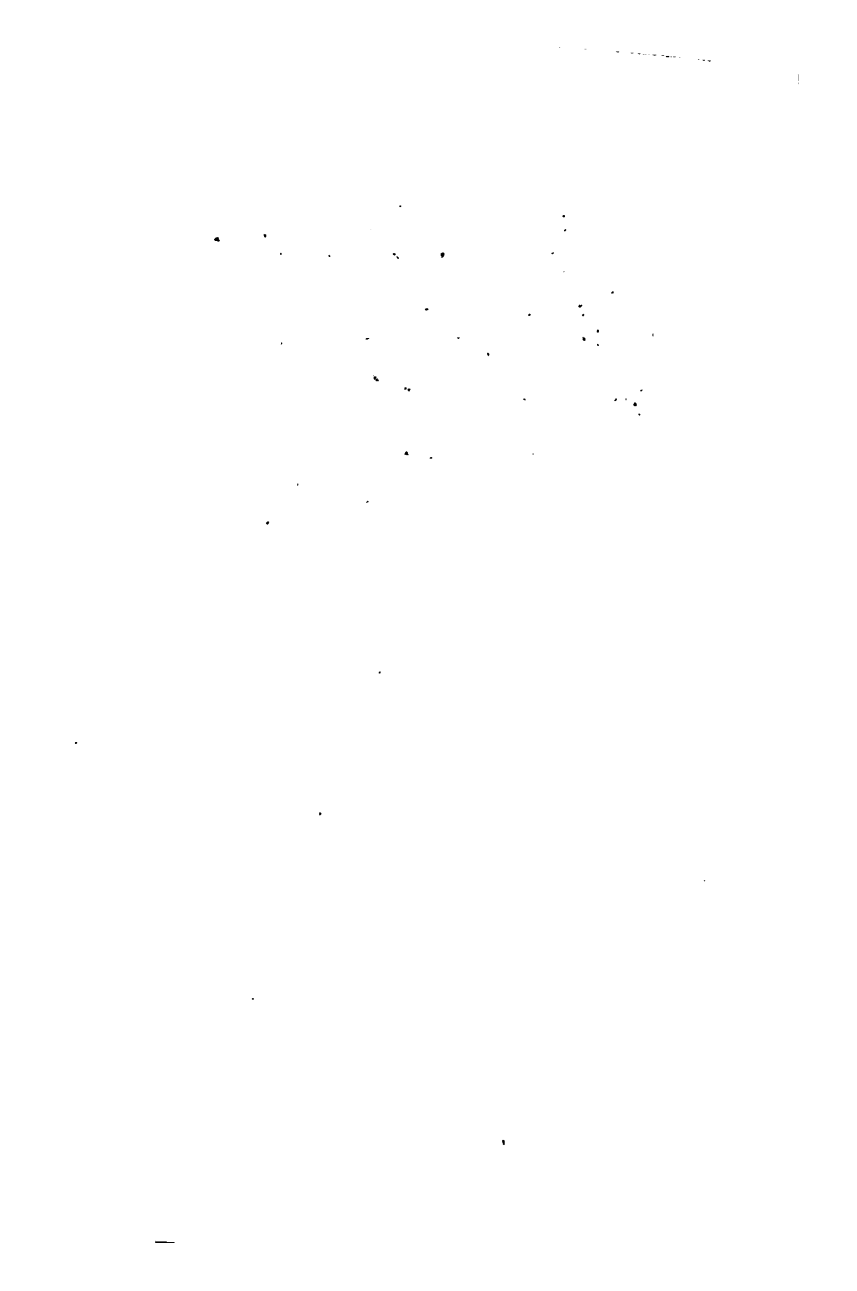
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THE  
**ARTIST'S BRIDE,**  
AND OTHER POEMS;  
BY  
JOHN DILKS.



NOTTINGHAM:  
JAMES DILKS AND CO., PARLIAMENT STREET:  
—  
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TO

JOHN WALTER, ESQ., M.P.

BY HIS OBLIGED AND

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

*Nottingham, February, 1857.*



# THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

---

## Part First.

---

Where fair 'Trent,' through pleasant meadows,  
Rolls its waters to the sea,  
There,—where it is crown'd by woodlands,—  
My sweet Ellen stray'd with me.

In the west the sun was sinking,  
And his last departing beam  
Tinged the fleecy clouds with crimson,  
Shone reflected on the stream.

Silent fell the evening shadows,  
While the beetle's drowsy horn  
Called the fairies to their gambols  
Underneath the blossom'd thorn :

And the blackbird from the thicket,  
Piped his clear and mellow song ;  
Emulous, the thrush, responsive,  
Did the harmony prolong.

Swarms of insects, countless millions,  
Fluttering tried their tiny wings ;  
Lowling cattle woke the echoes,  
Nature's harp of myriad strings,—

Rung responsively, in chorus  
With the music of the spheres ;  
(Up to God the song ascendeth,  
Evermore, through countless years.)

On this sweet and balmy evening,  
We had left the busy town ;  
Crossed o'er the adjacent ferry—  
(Well to lovers *it is known* ;)

Sought the "Grove's" (1) umbrageous alcoves  
(Consecrated unto song—  
By the melancholy minstrel—  
He who died, alas, so young,) (2)

There to nurse the tender passion,  
To anticipate the time  
Distant in the shadowy future,  
When our love would be no crime

In the eyes of Ellen's parents.  
Pure and holy was the flame  
Of our mutual devotion ;  
Ours was love in more than name.

Her stern father had forbidden  
Intercourse with me, decreed  
Banishment unto a distance  
Should she not to him give heed.

Well she knew his firm decision,  
Dreaded his severe rebuke,  
Trembled lest he should discover,  
His displeasure she dare brook

By thus, during his brief absence,  
Wandering in the woods with me ;  
Ah ! for this rebellious conduct  
I was more to blame than she,—



I had fired the maiden's fancy,  
By descriptions of the place—  
As the favourite haunt of Genius;  
“Legends, that I fain would trace—

Hover'd round the spot,” I whisper'd.  
Ellen struggled with her fears,  
Love, and Duty, were in conflict,  
And the battle cost her tears.

Love, as ever was triumphant,  
That, her presence there, reveal'd,  
Lovingly we walk'd together,  
Breathing vows by kisses seal'd.

Blissful moments, full of rapture,  
Not unmix'd, to *me*, with pain,  
For my mind had dark forebodings,  
We might never meet again.

But the gentle beauteous maiden  
Sought my anxious heart to cheer,  
“Love,” she whisper'd, “be not downcast,  
Banish all this drooping fear.

"We shall meet again," she murmur'd,  
"Who shall break Love's golden chain?  
And I thought the rippling river  
Chim'd responsive—"meet again."

Now the blasted tree—tradition  
With the legend interweaves—  
Loom'd across the flowery pathway,  
Stripp'd of all its bark and leaves.

Where the fiend, the heartless "Margaret,"  
Hurl'd headlong adown the steep,  
For her faithlessness to "Bateman,"  
And she perish'd in the deep.

Gloomy thoughts, again beset me,  
There, unsightly, in the grove,  
Like a thing of evil omen,  
Stood the record of false love.

Moodily I gazed upon it,  
Doubts and fears came with the view,  
(Cruel doubts, unjust suspicions,  
Ellen had been ever true.)

Echoing thro' the silent woodland

Where once rung, "Fair Margaret's" wail, (3)  
Now was heard the cooing ringdove,  
Breathing Love's eternal tale.

"Listen, Henry! listen dearest!  
Soothingly with love elate,  
Woos the wild bird his beloved;  
*She*, is not left desolate."

Then I spake, "My lot is lowly,  
In the gay and glittering throng  
You will soon forget me, Ellen!"  
(But I felt I did her wrong).

Stealing through the parted foliage,  
On her face the moonbeam shone;  
Calm and pale I saw her features,  
As a statue carved in stone.

Folding her unto my bosom,  
Pouring out my soul's full tide,  
"O forgive the accusation,  
My beloved one, I cried.

As a fair and drooping lily,  
Bow'd beneath the summer rain,  
Shines resplendent when the sunbeam  
Gilds its fragile form again—

So, a smile re-lumed her features,  
Dried apace her flowing tears :  
Joy, the sun of Life, shed radiance,  
Dissipating cloudy fears.

“Henry, why these dark suspicions ?  
I am thine, for ever thine ;  
Love would sure these doubts extinguish,  
Were it but such love as mine !

“Founded deep is my affection,  
Firm, immoveable, and strong ;  
Moral worth, the broad foundation,  
Not a pleasing form or tongue,—

“True, I have a woman's fondness  
For a manly form, like thine ;  
Love a frank and open countenance,  
Generally a true heart's sign ;

" But into a higher region  
You have taught my feet to climb,  
Where Immortal, Love abideth  
Safe from the assaults of Time."

As a strain of cheerful music  
Calms the tumult of the breast,  
So, the music of her accents  
Lull'd my troubled soul to rest.

Deeper fell the gathering shadows  
Now upon Heaven's azure plain,  
Cynthia drove her golden chariot,  
Marshall'd by her starry train.

As a stream of molten silver,  
Shone the river far below ;  
" See ! how lovely," Ellen murmur'd  
" Yonder moonlit waters flow."

While she spake, she gazed upon me,  
With a look of glad surprise ;  
Fairer than the gleaming river ;  
Seem'd to me, those loving eyes.—

Crystal deeps, where Love's gondola  
    Floated o'er a radiant sea,  
With fair Truth beneath the awning,  
    Hope and Joy, for company.

Now we had recross'd the ferry,  
    Homeward wending to repose ;  
Pausing often in the meadows,  
    Where the bloomy crocus grows. (4)

Like a purple lake, bright glowing,  
    Underneath Italian skies,—  
In the fading tints of evening ;  
    Childhood's earthly paradise.

Soon the town we had re-entered,  
    There we took a fond farewell ;  
Ah ! we knew not of the issue :  
    *That*, my tale designs to tell.

# THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

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## Part Second.

---

Five times from his gilded chamber  
In the east, came forth the sun ;  
Ere I heard aught of my dearest,  
Hidden from me like a nun.

Then there came to me a letter,  
Full of kind and loving words ;  
Balm unto my wounded spirit ;  
Such the solace, love affords.

(Praise be unto Him, who married  
Written symbols to the thought,  
Hieroglyphics to Ideas ;  
What a glorious work He wrought !)

“Henry, dearest, be not downcast,—”  
So the tender missive ran,  
“In our earthly pilgrimage,  
Ofttimes, ‘Sorrow,’ leads the van.

“Many a weary mile divides us,  
But at morn, at noon, and night,  
Thou, my love, art never absent,  
From my memory’s inner sight.

“Write to me, dear Henry, ofttimes;  
Faithful to your art, still prove,  
Faithful to high aspirations,  
Faithful to your Ellen’s love.

“Rugged is the path of duty,  
But sweet flow’rets fringe the way,  
You have often told me, Henry,  
I,—glad listener,—heard thee say;—

“Gleaming brightly in the distance  
Then, the glorious crown appears;  
And the soul hears the approving  
‘Well done’, whispered from the spheres.



Oft I read that fond epistle,  
Lingering o'er each loving line,  
And my heart was full of rapture  
At its burden, "I am thine."

Then a noble resolution,  
Glow'd within my labouring breast,  
To be worthy her affection,  
Set her loving fears at rest.

I was poor,—in that consisted  
Chiefly, Ellen's father's plea;  
*He*, might deem a sacred duty,  
What seem'd cruel unto *me*,—

True, I had, (in writing) told him,  
I would patiently abide  
His good pleasure, for our union;  
Serve, like Jacob, for my bride.

He was deaf to my entreaty,  
His stern answer caused me tears;  
"Love," he said, "might conquer 'Prudence';"  
"I dare not listen to my prayers."

Matters stood thus, when 'twas told him  
How his daughter did behave ;  
From the banishment oft threaten'd,  
Nothing could the maiden save.

Far away to leafy Devon,  
To an uncle she was sent,  
Sore, her father felt her absence,  
And we hoped he would relent.

But alas ! Hope's cherish'd promise  
Long deferr'd, appear'd a dream ;  
All my solace now to wander  
On the margin of the stream,—

Where we oft had stray'd together,  
Or where I had plied the oar,  
When my boat, its precious burden  
Up the river bravely bore.

Or when,—moor'd beside the "Island,"  
Where the stream divided flows,—  
We had joined in pleasant Pic-nic,  
'Neath the over hanging boughs.

Ah ! those happy days departed,  
Never to return, I cried ;  
When as smoothly as thy current—  
Silvery Trent, our lives did glide.

I have said, I there found *solace*,  
Still I did not linger there  
Idly toying with " Remembrance "  
Longer, than to banish *care*,

Which fled ever from my presence,  
When I stood beneath the boughs  
Of a spreading tree ; where Ellen  
Had once listen'd to my vows.

I had cherish'd aspirations,  
To be realized by toil,  
Arduous toil, close application,  
Loitering, my designs would foil.

Steadfastly, with patient labour  
Day by day, I strove to attain  
Mastery in my art, I loved it  
As the Miser loves his gain.

Sometimes too, in dreams, I fancied  
It, a talisman, became ;  
That restored my long lost Ellen  
To my arms, to bear my name.

Nearly two years passed : one evening  
As I wandered full of care,  
Musing sadly by the river ;  
An old man, late fishing there,

Thus address'd me, "Pleasant evening,"  
"Yes," I answered, with a sigh—  
"What ! young man, are you unhappy ?"  
But I made him no reply.

"Listen to the rooks !" resumed he,  
"Cawing in yon churchyard trees,  
They are happy, see them swinging  
As the boughs wave in the breeze."

"Each one hath his *mate* to cheer him,  
That's the secret of their glee."  
Laying down his fishing tackle,  
Then the old man look'd at me,

As perchance old Isaac Walton  
Would have done, had he been there,  
Lovingly ; the genial influence  
Did my drooping spirit cheer.

"Aye! my friend, I know thy meaning,  
In *their* loves, none interpose ;  
Still their joys have interruption,  
When around, drift wintry snows."

"Yes, sir, but when spring returns,  
Each one seeks again his mate,  
None have power to stay *their* nuptials,  
Nothing *them* can separate."

"True ! quite true," again he chuckled,  
(All his face was now a-glow,)  
"Many a vain and silly *dangler*,  
Might learn wisdom from a *crow*—

"From a *rook* I mean, but look ye,  
To the rookery we have come,  
And by that loud clamorous cawing,  
Foragers are coming home."

Noisy welcomes rose to greet them,  
From the nests high in the trees ;  
'Twas the time of incubation,—  
Time the thoughtful mind to please.

Basking in the streaming radiance  
Of the fast expiring day,  
Rocking in their airy mansions,  
Matron rooks close brooding lay.

Waiting for the expected morsel,  
Brought oftentimes from distance far  
In the beak of spouse so faithful,  
True in love, and strong in war.

“Once, the colony was invaded,”—  
He resumed, “By roving bands  
From a rookery not far distant,  
(Near a precipice it stands.)

“And I watch'd the sable legions  
With loud tumult, ride the blast,  
Long and desperate was the conflict,  
Till the foe retired at last.

“Then a grave and solemn conclave  
(Sentinels plac'd all around)  
Met, as tho' to try the captives,  
With heads awry, and looks profound.

“How it ended I can't tell you ;  
I was disappointed quite ;  
They perceived my stealthy movements,  
And at once they took to flight.

“Wary sentries gave the signal,  
*That*, I perfectly well knew,  
They, by a peculiar cawing  
Gave the alarm, the trumpet blew.

“Ah ! I love with eye observant  
Thus to pore with patient look  
On the pages fraught with wisdom,  
Of fair nature's holy book.

Chirping thus in pleasant humour,  
At my side he now trudged on,  
Till we reach'd a white wall'd hostel,  
Where I fain would not have gone,

Not that there was aught forbidding  
In the quaint old fashion'd Inn,  
Quite the contrary, but pleasure  
Now appear'd to be a sin.

"I will offer a suggestion,  
If you rest," said he, "awhile;"  
"What about?" was my rejoinder,  
"*Ellen*," with a waggish smile.

I soon yielded to his wishes,  
Great the tumult in my breast;  
And we cross'd the ancient threshold,  
Noting, as we took our rest,—

Many others, there assembled,  
Cosy, sitting at their ease;  
Or dispatching with great gusto,  
Pleasant "*Colwick*," thy rich cheese.

Ringin' thro' the open doorway,  
From the garden, laughter came;  
Pleasant walks were there provided,  
Known to many a town-pent dame.



Where in youth, with Hope's bright rainbow,  
In the heaven of her eyes;—  
With her lover, she had wandered;  
Bygone days she aye would prize.

With a foaming jug before him,  
And his pipe, and fragrant weed,  
Thus began the kind old worthy;  
Bidding me of him take heed.

“Some time since, two years, come summer,  
I believe; in Clifton Grove,—  
As I came home once from fishing,  
I beheld a scene of love.

“’Twas a calm, delightful evening,  
Early in the month of June,  
And the blackbird's mellow carol,  
Heralded the rising moon.

“Near my path, two youthful lovers,  
(*He*, about the age of you)  
Sat upon a mossy hillock,  
With the *blighted tree* in view—

"Gleaming white in the pale moonbeams;  
As I pass'd I heard him say,—  
Folding her unto his bosom,—  
'*O! forgive*'—beg pardon, eh!—

"Did you speak, sir?" he continued,  
(I had been led to exclaim,  
And my brow, the blood suffused)  
But the old man said, "No shame—

"To such virtuous love belongeth.  
Shame! it is a *holy* thing;  
Do you know, at once I knew *her*,  
As a daughter of friend King."

"Did you tell him, sir?" I question'd  
"No, but that I should have done,  
Had I not thought that you loved her;"  
"Loved her sir! does earth the sun?"

"If it *could*, it would," he answered.  
"For the sun *smiles* on the earth,  
Waking it to life and beauty,  
Drawing hidden treasures forth.

“ So the gentle smile of Woman,  
Quickens Manhood's latent powers.  
Till the rude and lonely desert,  
Blooms with Love's sweet scented flowers.

“ Bless me ! I'm quite sentimental,  
Where is Ellen, do you know ?”  
“ Yes,” “ What do you say ?” he answer'd,  
“ Why the deuce then don't you go ?

“ Now, were I as young as you are, !  
I would go thro' flood and fire,  
To embrace her,” “ Sir ! believe me.  
So would I, did she require.”

As I spake, he closely eyed me,  
And he read mine inmost soul,  
Sweet communion grew between us ;  
I need not relate the whole

Of that evening's conversation ;  
How he gave advice and aid ;  
When we had recross'd the ferry,  
I, a strong resolve had made.

# THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

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## Part Third.

---

It was in the golden Autumn,  
When the leaves were turning sere ;  
That, with knapsack on my shoulder,  
I set out to see my dear.

Long had been the separation,  
More than two long tedious years  
Love had taught me noble lessons,  
Saved my feet from many snares.

Roused me from inglorious slumber,  
Waken'd longings after Fame ;  
Fired my soul with emulation,  
Given me purpose, end, and aim.

“Bent upon a sketching ramble,—”  
    (Thus I to my friends did say)  
“I would seek a neighbouring county,  
    By the ‘Dove,’ and ‘Derwent,’ stray.”

On a fine September morning,  
    In the dim and dusky dawn,  
With the swallow, I departed ;  
    To a sunnier region drawn.

Never did an ancient pilgrim,  
    Covet more to reach the shrine  
Of the saint of *his* devotion,  
    Than I panted to meet mine.

Or a knight of ancient tourney,  
    Burn to wield his potent spear,  
To display his dauntless prowess,  
    In the eye of Ladye fair—

More than I, before my dearest  
    To reveal my pencil's skill ;  
Listen to her commendations,  
    Cheer me onwards, “up the hill.”

(Happy he, who on the journey,  
Finds a sympathising friend,  
Long the way, and steep, and rugged,  
Ere we see the wish'd for end.)

From the grass I brush'd the dewdrops,  
With the lark my heart in tune ;  
Resting with the merry reapers  
In the shade at sultry noon.

Then, when they resumed the sickle,  
I went forwards on my way ;  
Passing bands of gleaners, laden  
With the spoils won in the day.

Resting sometimes in a village,  
Quaffing draughts of nut-brown ale,  
With the swarthy smith conversing,  
Listening to some oft told tale.

My feet trod the flinty highway,  
And the daisy-sprinkled mead,  
(Type of life's uneven pathway ;  
To the souls who symbols read.)

Sometimes on a coach careering,—  
    (The "Line," my road, was not made then)  
Travelling along more swiftly,  
    Over valley, hill, and glen.

Or dismounting, "Changing Horses,"  
    At the little wayside Inn,  
With the jovial red faced coachman,  
    Teasing Betty o'er his gin.

"Was it true?" enquired he, winking  
    With a knowing smile to me—  
"Tom and her were to be married?"  
    "Lor!" the lass exclaimed, "not we!"

"Isn't she a pretty creetur?"  
    Whisper'd he, close at my ear;  
"Have a light, Sir?" then he shouted—  
    "Gemmen, coach is *waiting* here!"

I slept the first night in a city,  
    Near an old cathedral's towers;  
On the second in a hamlet;  
    My low window wreath'd with flowers

Where at morn, the rose and woodbine,  
Opening their sweet dewy eyes,  
Nodding to me thro' the lattice,  
Seem'd to whisper, "Come arise—

"Slug-a-bed, 'tis Sunday morning."  
Sweetly chimed the merry bells ;  
And I turn'd aside to worship  
Him, who dug "Salvation's Wells."

In a grey old church, I rested,  
The porch with ivy overgrown,  
Circled round by grassy hillocks,  
Tomb, and monumental stone.

Where the unletter'd hind, oft linger'd  
After morn or even song ;  
Spelling o'er the glowing tributes  
To the dead ; with faltering tongue.

Rude the verses o'er *them* graven,  
Who slept peacefully below ;  
But the homely saxon phrases  
Made the starting tear to flow.    u ;



Often did the village maidens  
At the stranger steal a look,  
As the clerk,—with rustic accent  
Read from out the ponderous book.

He declar'd, he was "*a-lion* !—  
To his mother's chil-der-en ;"  
Ah ! he was a fine old worthy,  
With a sonorous "*Yamen*."

Saintly look'd the aged pastor ;  
As the organ's pealing tone,—  
Roll'd forth its glad hallelujah,  
To the glorious, Three in One.

He, had long since ceased to wrangle,  
Over differences of *creed*,  
Learn'd the blessed new evangel,  
Love, *he* taught in word and deed.

To the orphan was a father,  
To the widow a dear spouse ;  
Ah ! I bless'd him, tho' I differ'd  
Somewhat widely from his views.

Afterwards, my route pursuing,  
Bristol city, in my way,  
I beheld, "St. Mary Redcliffe;"  
In its sombre shadow lay.

Where the gifted, marvellous being ;  
*He*, "who perish'd in his pride;" (5)  
Watch'd the full moon thro' his lattice,  
O'er a sea of azure glide.

Onwards! thro' fair Somerset;  
I remember the *red* road,—  
And the *tall* and comely maidens ;  
"Stowey," too, the bard's abode. (6)

England! England! thy rich pastures,  
Where the nodding cowslips bend,  
Aye content me, let men ramble,  
To the world's remotest end.

They shall not a fairer prospect,  
In the wide spread earth survey,  
Than, where thro' thy flowery meadows,  
Crystal streams, meandering stray.

Gloomy clouds, thee overshadow.  
Great part of thy year, I own,  
Shrouding thee in misty curtains;  
But ocean's arms, are round thee thrown.

Nature's more majestic features  
May not grace his favourite Isle,  
Fairer skies,—on loftier mountains—  
Nobler streams; may elsewhere smile,

But within its verdant valleys,  
Beauty's fairest roses bloom,  
None more fair than England's roses,  
None that yield such sweet perfume.

There, the glorious tree of freedom,  
Rooted firmly in the soil,  
Blossoms in undying beauty,  
'Neath its sacred shade we toil.

Nursed by whirlwinds and by tempests,  
Water'd by the Patriot's tears,  
Nurtur'd by the blood of Martyrs;  
Sweet and blessed fruit it bears.

Hastening onward on my journey,  
On the next night, I arrived  
At the cage, that held my Linnet;  
Where my gentle Fawn, was gyved.

Faint and weary, soiled with travel,  
With the journey quite foot sore,  
I yet could not seek refreshment,  
Till I saw that uncle's door.

O'er my head the stars were shining,  
Fair as Ellen's gentle eyes,  
And the evening breezes murmur'd  
In low music, like her sighs.

Sleep unfurl'd her downy pinion,  
Wooing Nature to repose;  
As I stood beneath a lattice,  
Some one had not thought to close.

Was it *her* low chamber? softly,  
Lovingly, I breathed her name;  
Soon the snow white curtains trembled,  
Ellen, to the casement came.

Then, a low and gentle whisper,  
Flutter'd on the midnight air;  
Like an Angel's benediction,  
On a mortal bowed in prayer.

Bathed in moonlight, I beheld her  
Spotless as a vestal, stand;  
In the distance gleamed the "Channel," (7)  
I had reach'd the blissful strand.

"Deeper than those moonlit waters,  
True as yonder rushing tide,  
Are the deeps of my affection:"  
In an extacy I cried.

"Hush! dear Henry, Heaven preserve thee,  
Uncle, would think this a crime!  
I will see you love, tomorrow,  
Hark! I hear the midnight chime.

"Angels, guard thee, my beloved,"  
Fell upon my ravish'd ear,  
As she faded from my presence;  
Lonely, I was standing there.

# THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

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## Part Fourth.

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When I left the spot, I hurried  
Quickly to the nearest Inn ;  
All were gone to bed ; loud knockings  
Vain, they would not let me in.

On the lonely beach I lingered—  
(I had only once before  
Seen the sea, or heard its billows  
Make wild music on the shore.)

Watching, in the early twilight,  
Dusky shadows rise and flee,  
Ships, that on the far horizon,  
Loomed, in dim obscurity.

Until o'er the heaving billows  
    Rose the sun, in radiant vest ;  
Then I sought a quiet hostel,  
    Which invited "Man and Beast"—

Promising good entertainment ;  
    Promises, I found quite true ;  
There I took a hearty breakfast,  
    Clouted cream enough for *two*.

Afterward, I sunk unconscious,  
    In a kind of drowsy swoon ;  
Lulled to rest by the sea breezes,  
    I slept soundly until noon.

Devon is a pleasant county,  
    Lovely are its fertile dales—  
Studded o'er with smiling Orchards ;  
    Myrtles flourish in its vales.

There, the Nightingale stays longest  
    Ere she seeks a fairer sky,  
Wings her flight to sunnier regions,  
    In the balmy south, that lie.

Oft I stood 'neath Ellen's window,  
But our meetings had an end !  
One day I received a billet,  
That my darling girl had pen'd,

Warning me, some one had seen me,  
Loitering at the dead of Night  
Near the house, and told her uncle !  
She was half-dead with affright.

He, had threatened to shoot "Boatswain,"  
(A Newfoundland he had rear'd)  
"On his midnight watch for sleeping,"  
And his blunderbus prepared !

"Come not near, beloved Henry,  
For although you come disguised,  
You might come to harm, my dearest,  
Or at least, be *recognised*."

Thus denied those pleasant meetings,  
On the Downs, I often stray'd,  
I had learn'd that there, the old man,  
Wandered sometimes, with the maid.



Once, I took my sketch-book with me,  
Placed myself upon their way,  
And they look'd on, o'er my shoulder,  
Pleased I heard her uncle say—

In a whisper, "Look ye! Ellen;"  
But they presently pass'd on,  
Slowly, weary days departed,  
All my new form'd hopes were gone.

What to do, some time I pondered,  
Watch'd with vigilance and care,  
She dared not to walk out with me,  
All our interviews brought fear.

Forcibly, our hearts experienced,  
"Course of true love ne'er runs smooth;"  
Wintry blasts of disappointment,  
Nipp'd the blossoms of our youth.

Ah! but Love, is wise and winning,  
Strong and fearless, true and brave,  
Love, can scale the highest mountain.  
Buffet with the crested wave,

I would of an Artist's pencil,  
To her prison make a key,  
Burst the fetters that confin'd her,  
Set the lovely captive free.

I would paint her uncle's portrait,  
Taken in his easy chair,  
Me, he knew not,—as the person,  
Through whom his dear niece was there.

She, at first, should patronise me—  
(I had now reversed my name,  
Was announced as "Mr. Henry,"  
No one knew from whence I came.)

So, she said to her fond uncle,  
(Childless widower was he)  
"I should like my portrait taken,  
Uncle dear, if you agree,

"There's an artist just now staying  
For a short time in the town,  
Takes them nicely, you'll remember  
We once pass'd him on the Down,

"Sketching something that much pleased you."

"Yes, I recollect it well,  
I should vastly like your portrait."  
Then he said to Mistress Bell—

(Mistress Bell was his housekeeper,  
A very worthy, trusty dame,  
It was whispered, at tea tables,  
She would shortly change her name)

"Let my pretty niece, God bless her!  
In this matter have her way,  
How I love the bright eye'd gipsy,  
Love her! more than flowers in May.

"Aye, I see *her* smiling on me,  
Looking out of Ellen's eyes,  
And—why bless me, I am blubbering!  
Don't a poor old tar, despise.

"Go on with her to this painter,  
He must be a clever rogue,  
If he paints her, half as handsome,  
As she really is. by Jove!"

Thus the matter was decided—

Ellen was to sit, next day.

Much I fear'd the interview,

Our position would betray.

At the appointed hour, next morning,

Called unto her Mistress Bell,

"Come love, let us see the Artist ;"

Quickly ready was my Nell.

When they reach'd my pleasant "Lodgings."

She was overcome by fear,

Lest Mistress Bell should learn the secret.

They were now upon the stair—

Close upon my little studio !

"Mistress Bell," she whispered low,

"I have dropp'd that lace trimm'd kerchief

You gave me, somewhere below.

While the matron sought the treasure,

Nell, across the threshold came ;

One fond rapturous kiss I gave her,

Ere return'd the worthy dame.

In an easy chair I placed *her*,  
And—I think the scheme was wise,  
Gave into her hands a folio,  
That engaged her watchful eyes.

*Ours*, meantime held silent converse ;  
Ah ! slight progress was achiev'd,  
But Ellen's presence matter'd little  
For the portrait, I perceived.

Love, had pencil'd all her features,  
On the tablets of my heart,  
As Raphael's pencil, his Madonnas,  
On the glorious Scroll, of " Art."

Cheering, were her frequent visits,  
(Far more frequent than required  
For the picture ;) pleased she noticed.  
The skill I lately had acquired.

Mistress Bell was quite enraptured,  
Loudly, she the " Artist" praised,  
How delightful this, to Ellen !  
And my drooping hopes were raised.

When her uncle saw the portrait,  
He decided, o'er and o'er,  
That he never, no, he *never*,  
Such a likeness saw before.

Then, he had his portrait taken,  
In full naval uniform,  
With the blue sea in the distance,  
Safe from tempest and from storm.

There was too a ship at anchor,  
And my vagrant fancy found.  
In the picture, hope, that one day  
Safe in port, *we*, should be found.

But as calm comes after tempest,  
Hope, is oft the child of Fear,  
So it was with us, rough weather  
Came, before the skies were fair.

One day she revealed the secret,  
To her good old uncle John,  
Flaming up in testy humour,  
With feigned rage, he cried, "Begone!—

"Deep is the Pacific Ocean,  
But the plummet *that* shall sound,—  
Sooner than the depths in Women!  
O! the artful hussy, zounds!—

"Brother Will confided in me,  
To steer clear of privateers,  
Here's the enemy, alongside!  
Hoists his colours unawares!

"Clear the deck, prepare for action,  
Wont I give him a broadside!"  
(Mistress Bell try'd mediation,  
Ellen was too terrified.)

"Hold your tongue, O! woman, woman,  
Pray were was *your* telescope?  
You're a pretty "look out," aren't you!  
Aiding my niece to elope."

"No! dear uncle, never, never,  
Do not think me so unwise."  
*She*, said, weeping, her white kerchief  
Raising to her tearful eyes.

"Is that a flag O Truce?" he chuckled,  
Well, I will not sink the craft,  
Whew! the enemy is cunning;"

Then he laid him back and laugh'd.

Laugh'd, till all the room vibrated,  
With the cachinnation loud,  
Laugh'd, till his bald pate was crimson,  
And his sturdy frame was bowed!

At length he paused for breath, exhausted,  
Ellen's arms around him thrown,  
"Thank you uncle dear," she whisper'd,  
"Crafty gipsy, get you gone.

"That was why, you were so anxious  
For your portrait, fie, for shame;"

"Uncle, you said he was clever,"

"Tut-tut, nonsense, you're to blame,—

"Thus against your parents' wishes,  
To go sailing in his wake"—

"Father alone objects," said Ellen,

"Humph! that ought to make you quake."



Thus their conversation ended.

"Well,"—said he, to Mistress Bell—

"What do *you*, think of this matter?

Women manage these things well."

"Sir," the matron answer'd, "Ellen,

Loves him well I plainly see,

He I think is worthy of her,

That he's clever, all agree,—

"Only look now at your portrait

On the wall there, bye the bye,

I confess I like him much, Sir,"

Said the veteran, "So do I!"

"Ah! I'll send down for her father."

And accordingly he sent,

Great his influence over *him*,

We had hopes *he* would relent.

Ellen's father came, "Now William,

Tell me plainly, do you know

Anything against this painter,

That you treat him as a foe?"

"Why," was the response, "He's only  
A poor Artist."—"O! I see  
That's it, is it; now I want them  
To be married, come agree."

"No," was the reply, "no, never,"  
But her uncle said, "You will.  
For I like the fellow vastly,  
Don't be stupid, brother Bill,—

Can't you see the girl,—you lubber,—  
Nails her colours to the mast!"  
"O! it can't be," said her father,  
But her uncle roar'd, "Avast."

"Well, but you forget there's Mother,  
She too must agree, you know,"  
"Humph! I know that, will you leave it  
With *her*, to say yes, or no?"

"Yes," was the response, "Ho-o-ray!  
Victory!" shouted the old tar;  
"Trim the yards with streamers gay,  
Terminated is the war."

Shortly after—the next morning,  
They a message sent for me,  
Quickly I obey'd the summons,  
I at last had made the *key*.

Mistress Bell, all smiles, received me,  
Ellen's cheeks did crimson burn,  
As her father rose to greet me,  
With outstretch'd hand, but manner stern.

"Take a seat, sir," said the matron,  
Ellen's father thus began,  
"Sir, I wish to ask a question,  
Answer like an honest man.

"If you really love my daughter,  
And can overlook my ways"—  
"Pray don't name that, sir," I stammered,  
"Gad, look at my niece's face!"—

Bellow'd loudly the old sailor—  
"Curse you all,"—here Mistress Bell!  
(Ellen for great joy had fainted,  
But into my arms she fell.)

Presently, by our assistance,  
She revived, upon my breast ;  
“ Ah ! you baggage, get it ended,  
Then perhaps we shall have rest ”

Shortly after, we were married.  
“ Blow ye favouring winds,” he cry’d,  
“ Long and pleasant be the voyage,  
O’er Life’s ocean as you ride !

“ Hark you ! use your shot with caution,  
But should you run short my boy,  
At your service is my ‘Locker,’  
Now again I wish you joy,

“ Treat her kindly,” then he mutter’d,<sup>1</sup>  
“ Or by George—well, well, you will,  
I’ve no fear; she is so gentle,  
No true man, could use *her* ill.”

While he spake a tear stood glistening,  
In the corner of his eye ;  
“ Lord,” he said, “ I’m like a woman ;”  
But he could *not* say Good Bye.

## Notes.

1. Sought the 'Grove's' umbrageous alcoves.

Clifton Grove, on the banks of the Trent, near Nottingham.

2. He who died, alas, so young.

Henry Kirke White. Clifton Grove was his favourite resort.

3. Where once rung, "Fair Margaret's wail,"

The heroine in an old legend connected with the locality.

4. Where the bloomy crocus grows.

The crocus beds in the Nottingham Meadows, cover several acres of ground, the purple flowers of which, in Spring and Autumn when in bloom, present a most beautiful appearance.

5. He who perished in his pride.

Chatterton

6. "Stowey," too, the bard's abode.

S. T. Coleridge.

7. In the distance gleam'd the "Channel."

The Bristol Channel.

**AN OLD MAN'S TALE.**



## AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

I had a schoolmate, in my early days,  
A lad of promise, whose frank, generous ways,  
Endeared him to me ; we were bosom friends.  
Ah ! how Remembrance, Time's dark curtain  
    rends,  
And gives me glimpses of that happy time,  
When life was young and in its joyous prime ;  
So that I sometimes feel a boy again,  
Altho' I'm more than three score years and ten ;  
What pleasant memories will o'er me steal,  
(Like distant music floating on the gale,)  
As recollections of that fair hair'd boy,  
Rush on my mind, and fill my heart with joy.



How many a time, on holidays from school,  
Emancipated from the desk and rule,  
We roamed together o'er the "Hunger Hills,"  
To gather violets in their mossy dells,  
Or seek bird's nests in devious alleys green,  
Where numerous "Gardens" graced the sylvan  
scene;

Those pleasant gardens, with their arbours gay,  
From whence, full oft, at close of summer day  
Loud laughter issued, or a plaintive strain,  
Breathed from the flute, re-echo'd o'er the plain,  
There merry groups assembled (do so still,)  
And those whose gardens were upon the hill,  
Might see the town and old St. Mary's tower,  
At distance gleam in sunlight, from their bower.  
Beyond, the Castle rear'd its lofty head,  
Based on the rock; the Meadows 'neath it spread,  
And farther still, the silvery Trent was seen,  
Winding its sinuous course thro' valleys green;  
Around them smoke above low chimneys rose,  
(Like clouds of incense 'mid the leafy boughs)  
From rustic altars, hid in foliage, where  
The merry parties congregated there  
Prepared the social meal, with mutual care;  
One gathered fuel, one with kettle hied

To the clear spring that chimed by the hill side ;  
A *third's* extempore bellows coaxed the fire,  
Thro' the damp twigs to dart its tongue of fire,  
The rest were busied at the simple board,  
Arranged the china in the basket stored,  
Or made the summer-house with seats for *four*,  
Accommodate with ease four *ladies* more.  
Scenes of my youth before my aged eyes,  
Once more, array'd in beauty, ye arise.

This was the prelude to a simple tale,  
The garrulous old man would oft detail,  
I was not in a hurry to be gone,  
So took a seat beside him, he went on.

“Excuse my rambling, when from school we went,  
William and I, on other duty's bent,  
Our boyish love and friendship still remain'd,  
And with revolving years fresh vigour gain'd,  
Together, now we spent our leisure time  
On holydays;—on Sundays when the chime  
Of Church bells floated sweetly on the air,  
We walk'd together to the House of Prayer,  
Or visited the scenes of boyish days,—  
Where feather'd choristers their Maker praise,

Where gurgling rills glad hallelujahs sung—  
And floral bells in Nature's temple swung—  
To hold sweet converse, or in shady nook,  
To read together some well chosen book,  
Whose pages, luminous with mental light,  
Gave us at once instruction and delight;  
Sometimes too, now, at summer evening's close,  
Those leafy alley's heard our whisper'd vows  
Of tender meaning, to the blushing maid;  
But their attractions for *bird's nests* decayed;  
Thus we grew up to Manhood, Friendship's chain  
Was severed then, but welded was again,  
*How*, you shall hear; a friend near did reside,  
We much respected, and at his fireside  
We often sat and talk'd the hours away,  
When free'd from labour at the close of day;  
*He*, had two daughters, one named Margaret,  
The other Mary; they had seen the light  
In the same hour, (about some nineteen years  
Before the time when we first drew our chairs  
Around their father's hearth;) their mother died  
When they were children; Mary then had cry'd  
To go back with her aunt; who had come down,  
From busy London to her native town,  
To her dear sister's funeral; 'twas agreed

That it should be so, and it *was* indeed ;  
Mary they said was beautiful, but vain,  
Margaret, was amiable, but consider'd plain,  
Well, well, to me, plain Margaret was dear,  
Alas ! I found for me, she did not care !  
I should have told my love, but that I saw,  
That my companion's *will*, became her *law*,  
He loved her not as I did, or she him,  
But as his heart was free, it was his whim  
To call the lass his sweetheart, at her side  
He liked to be, not meaning she his bride  
Should be perhaps, but *that* we scarcely knew,  
Howe'er it was, poor Margaret was true.

I mark'd her many a time, when William's foot  
Cross'd o'er the threshold, how his creaking boot  
Seem'd sweet as music to the maidens ear ;  
Her agitation too, when he drew near,  
Betray'd the secret, flush'd her cheek and brow ;  
Crush'd all my hopes and cost me many a throe.

Now, on a visit, homeward Mary came,  
A beautiful, Imperious, self-will'd dame,  
William she saw, and conquer'd, quickly wor

He loved her, as the Eagle loves the sun,  
Bash'd in her radiance, Margaret's star grew pale  
Before the lustrous orbs she did unveil,  
O'er his young fancy she exerted sway,  
And drew the willing captive day by day,  
Forth at her chariot wheels in proud display.

Ah! so it is, as boys chase butterflies  
We close pursue whate'er attracts our eyes,  
Intent the glittering prize to make our own,  
We blindly run against a wall of stone,  
Or rush with lifted cap, dishevell'd hair,  
Into the troubled waters of the weir.

Margaret beheld her cherish'd hopes depart,  
But tried to hide the anguish of her heart;  
So, 'neath its plumage, hides the wounded bird  
The shaft that drinks its life blood, not a word,  
Reveal'd the secret sorrow of her breast,  
But seeking refuge in her lowly nest,  
Beneath her pinions she concealed the wound,  
That brought her, fluttering nearly to the ground.

Some months roll'd by, at length her sister's stay

Drew to a close, one pleasant morn in May,  
I had an Invitation from my friend,  
With him and Mary, on that day to spend  
The afternoon, reluctantly I went,  
I had indeed, a sad presentiment  
That their alliance would unhappy prove,  
I plainly saw, she did not William love,  
Altho' *he* blinded by her beauty, saw  
In his fair Idol not a single flaw,  
I oft had told him of my doubts and fears,  
In vain, against advice he stop'd his ears,  
Said that I look'd at it with jealous eyes,  
And deem'd it prejudice, and me unwise.

Yes it is so, we seldom take advice,  
Unless it harmonizes with our choice,  
We rarely recognise the faithful friend  
Who thwarts our wishes, our welfare his end,  
The kisses of an enemy we prize,  
And hug ourselves with his deceitful lies,  
Until the wily fowler o'er us throws  
His net, and then we know, our fancied friends  
were *foes*.

I said I went,—I recollect it well,

Aye that I do, a circumstance befell,  
I often thought about in after years,  
That tended further to arouse my fears.  
I found a merry party, at the place  
Appointed, smiles, were seen on every face  
But one fair girl look'd happier than the rest,  
When—(after bearing many a harmless jest  
Because she was alone) her sweetheart came,  
A handsome youth, I now forget his name,  
He, was a wealthy father's only son,  
*Whose* sands, had thro' Life's hourglass nearly run,  
In fact a 'most desirable young man'  
(As the maternal conversation ran)  
That is, he had more money than the rest,  
And therefore, she who got him *must* be blest,  
What! you demur! for shame you wicked elf,  
Come bow the knee, before the golden calf;  
Well, Mary tried her utmost to secure  
This young man, from the maiden to allure;  
As buccaniers, intent upon a prize,  
The laws of honour violate and despise,  
So, she put forth all her deceitful wiles,  
Hung out false colours, spread around her toils,  
With subtle skill, of course, lest *Will*, should see  
Her deep designs and heartless treachery;

He saw it not, nor did her schemes succeed,  
The richly laden ship sail'd off with speed.

When we returned, William said unto me,  
(I well remember he was full of glee  
Although 'tis nearly fifty years ago,)  
'What think you of my lovely charmer, Joe?'  
'Not much,' I said. 'she's beautiful 'tis true,  
And yet my friend she will not do for you ;  
'You fool!' he said, and turning round in wrath,  
He spurned me from him, on the public path !  
I soon forgave him, but he grew quite shy,  
It seem'd our friendship was about to die.

Soon after that, I left my native town,  
And sought lost friendship, hapless love to drown  
The thoughts of in far distant scenes, in vain ;  
My weary rambles lengthen'd but the chain  
That bound me to them ; I found the abode  
Of Mary, who pursued her former mode ;  
Extravagant and vain, fond of display,  
I would not stay with her a single day ;  
Incapable of constancy in love,  
As a gay butterfly she lov'd to rove,



From flower to flower, on all awhile to alight,  
Then spread her gauzy wings and take her flight  
Perchance a better offer might be found,  
If not, she any time could stoop to the ground  
In William's little pasture, it were wise,  
To keep her eye on that, while in the skies.

Some years pass'd thus, till weary with her flight,  
The haughty maiden thought it time to alight,  
William grew weary of this long delay  
Her aunt observed, and bade her 'name the day,'  
So they were married; married in a style  
That tax'd poor William's resources awhile,  
Now he was happy, sound the merry horns!—  
Do men get grapes from thistles, figs from thorns?  
When they do so, then they may hope to prove,  
True bliss in marriage, when not based on *love*.

A year passed, then a letter came one day  
From my old friend, once as the skylark gay,  
'I scorned advice'—he said—'I own with  
shame;  
I shall be ruined by this reckless dame,  
My joy is fled, my peace of mind destroy'd,  
She has no heart, her mind's an empty void.'

I wept to find my sad predictions true,  
And answer'd thus; 'William to hear from you—  
Will always give me pleasure, you must spare  
Advice from me, I cannot interfere,  
I grieve to learn the painful news you send,  
My dear old playmate, I am still your friend;'  
This friendly answer brought him to my side.  
A piteous tale he told; alas! I cry'd  
'You are deceived, I pity more than blame  
You know you were resolv'd to wed the dame,  
Come be a man, you have a handsome bride,  
Quite fashionable, if I may decide,  
For I observ'd her but the other day  
Strutting along, like any peacock, gay,  
What do you want?' He said, 'I want a *Wife*,  
A helpmate in the pilgrimage of Life.'  
'A wife!' said I, 'a helpmate! O I see,  
I thought my friend you might contented be  
With a gay, handsome woman at your side,  
Whose *hand*, was given you when you were ally'd  
But not her heart,'—'O Joseph do forbear,'  
'Pray do not, do not at my misery sneer.'  
Forgive me, then I said, my early friend,  
Believe me I will not again offend,  
Here take my hand, this talk shall have an end,

With that we parted, homewards he return'd,  
While I his sad position inly mourn'd.

For three years thus he led a wretched life,  
A married man, but yet without a wife,—  
(One worth the name with whom in joy or pain,  
His soul could hold a sweet communion.)  
Then, Death removed the heavy galling yoke  
That chafed his spirit and his fetters broke.

Mary departed after giving birth  
To a fair boy, and left the scenes of earth  
“Let Margaret have my babe,” before she died,  
She said to her nurse then tenderly she sigh'd—  
‘Come nearer William, I would speak with you—  
Poor Margaret was ever good and true,  
When I'm gone, take her!’ that was all she said,  
The beautiful but erring one was dead.  
Margaret,—at her request received the child  
Lov'd the sweet Innocent, it oft beguiled—  
Her of her sorrows when it crow'd and smiled;  
Hope, glow'd afresh after her sister's death  
Gilded the future, lit the distant path,  
But worldly calculations had no part  
In the strong yearnings of that faithful heart.

Her friends oft hinted, anxious for her good,  
'Perhaps she now might have him if she would,'  
(Would! those who said *that*, little knew her  
heart,)

'It might be wise,' they said, 'her wish to impart.  
His home was good, and his *position* fair,'—  
But this was more than Margaret could bear,  
'Think ye,' she answered, 'I could desecrate  
My marriage vow, to get at his estate?  
Ah no! and yet I would not him refuse,  
If he should voluntarily me choose.'

Her faithful love received its recompence,  
(How wondrous are the ways of Providence)  
The love she bore the *child*, to him reveal'd  
Her worth and goodness, all her sorrows heal'd,  
For William lov'd her, she became his wife.  
'My Margaret,' he said, 'thy spotless life,  
And many virtues, I have ponder'd o'er,  
With self-reproaches; teach *me* how to soar  
Above the barren wastes of self; 'to rise,  
To those blest heights of love and sacrifice,  
My love is worthless when compar'd with thine,  
Earthly and selfish; thine sweet wife, divine.'

Thus spake my friend, and clasp'd her to his  
breast,

They lived for many years together, blest ;  
At length their earthly union was riven,  
They died lamented, and are now in heaven.'

Thus ended hopefully the old man's tale,  
I left him nodding o'er his pipe and ale.

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### A VISIT TO A BROTHER POET.

For the first time, a friend and I  
Together met, the other day;  
We had been strangers until then—  
Strangers! ah no, what did I say?  
We had been long acquainted; so,  
As birds by song each other know.

Affinities weave mystic chords,  
That draw us to our fellow men;  
How potent is the magic spell  
Of that enchanter's wand, the *pen*!  
Instinctively we recognize,  
A kindred soul, through all disguise.

What wondrous power the Poet wields!  
What eager listeners round him throng,  
When true to Nature, forth he pours  
Melodiously the tide of song,  
Whose waves as from his harp they roll;  
Mirror the emotions of his soul.



He sits within his quiet home ;  
Perchance upon Columbia's shore,  
He sings, and lo ! his cheering lays,  
Are heard above the billows roar.  
Across the Atlantic wave they're borne;  
Our hearts towards the Singer yearn.

He *dies*, the tuneful voice is dumb,  
His unstrung harp is hush'd and still,  
But chaunted by a thousand tongues,  
His songs their glorious task fulfill,  
He *lives*, in human hearts enshrined :  
Fresh garlands round his memory twined.

But truce to this, be mine to sing  
How modest worth blooms in the shade ;  
How nobler than a king is he  
Who in the loom, for daily bread,  
Toils hard for wife and children dear,  
Yet chaunts a strain both sweet and clear.

I sought the village\* where he dwells,  
And rested in his rustic cot ;  
The abode of Virtue ; Peace was there,  
But murmuring Discontent was *not* ;

\* Cotgrave, Nottinghamshire.

Yet narrow space its walls afford,  
And homely, was the simple board.

We walk'd abroad, in converse sweet,  
And once—amid the golden corn—  
I caught sight of his rural Muse,  
Waiting for him beneath a thorn;  
A modest Muse, of beauty rare,  
With wreath of wild-flowers in her hair.

At eve they meet, beside the wood,  
And in the pleasant shady lane;  
She breathes delight, and balmy airs,  
Soothes all his sorrows and his pain!  
He woos her with a fond embrace,  
Beholds the beauty of her face.

Remote from tumult and from noise,  
They rove beneath the silent stars,  
They seek the violet's mossy bed;  
And wafted to celestial spheres—  
The gates of "Fancy's" realm divine  
They enter, seek her glorious shrine.

The goddess waves her glittering wand,  
That mocks the diamond's dazzling blaze;

Then bursting on his ravish'd sight  
Appear a troop of dancing fays !  
The moon's pale lamp is hung on high,  
His spirit wakes to ecstasy.

Axon, the muse conducts him back  
To where they met—to earth again,  
And with a parting smile as bright,  
As glimpse of sunlight after rain,  
She plumes her pinions, takes her flight,  
And leaves him lonely, with the night.

Then fades the beauty of the scene,  
The distant hills look cold and drear,  
His spirit droops, he homeward wends ;  
Her whisper'd words, ring in his ear,  
He notes them down, his joy returns !  
His heaving breast with rapture burns.

O chaste and innocent delights !  
O rapturous bliss beyond compare !  
The man that once has tasted these,  
Contented, heeds not scanty fare :  
Adieu my friend, I hope to see,  
A troop of friends appreciate thee.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hark! the glad chimes, the glorious morn proclaim,  
Heralded by the "Star of Bethlehem,"  
Messiah's advent,—on this earth of ours;  
(The amazing theme demands an angel's powers.)  
The Invisible made visible to man,  
Incarnate Deity, in flesh a span,  
Jehovah, God, creation's mighty Lord,  
By cherubim and seraphim adored,  
Descends to save; in human form divine;  
The Rose of Sharon and the Living Vine.

O! may its genial influence teach the mind  
Divine affections, love for human kind;  
Made of one blood are Lazarus and Dives;  
Faith, gifts, may perish, love all things survives:  
Come then, ye rich, beneficence display,  
Learn of the Master, the thrice blessed way.  
His stewards ye, whoso his teachings scorn,  
'Twere better for them, they had ne'er been born.

Masters, be kind to those in your employ,  
Study their welfare, and promote their joy,

Be mindful of their interests, with your own,  
For all oppression ye shall one day groan :  
He, who in his poor brother's sweat and pain,  
Sees *but* the instrument of selfish gain,  
Needs not to look across the Atlantic wave,  
To find the scourge and fetters of the slave ;  
Ignorant and blind, go learn in wisdom's school  
*Mutual dependence*, that is Nature's rule ;  
Woe to the man who violates this law.—  
Immutable, eternal, clothed with awe ;  
*Gold* he may gain, but will the glittering dross  
Compensate for his spiritual loss ?  
No, "DUTY" taught by "LOVE," points out the road,  
That leads to Peace, and Joy's serene abode.

Servants, obedient to your masters prove,  
Repay their kindness with esteem and love ;  
Too oft, alas, you forfeit their regard,  
Careless and indolent, *you* make them *hard*.  
Listen, we'll tell you an heroic tale,  
Founded on *fact*, not fanciful but real ;  
Once—howling wolves, amid the winter's snows,  
Madden'd by famine, gaunt, bloodthirsty foes,  
Assail'd a carriage, as it roll'd along,  
And track'd its rapid course, in legions strong ;

A servant man, in tone devotion brave,  
Laid down his life a family to save ;  
His loving master trembled with affright,  
Approving angels marvell'd at the sight,  
When, he descending from his place behind,  
His lov'd ones to his master's care resign'd ;  
Then threw himself upon the savage brood !  
Who staying thus to wallow in his blood,—  
The rest were saved, a friendly refuge gain'd :  
His name a monument of love remain'd.

Why such fidelity so rarely shown ?  
Such *mutual love*, is just as rarely known ;  
The bonds between employer and employ'd  
Are loos'd, and sympathy almost destroy'd.

Alas ! what misery prevails around,  
How many captives are in fetters bound !  
The gloomy court, the fœtid stifling room,  
Have swarming tenants, sunk in sullen gloom,  
The reeking lane, the alley close and high—  
Shut from God's blessed sun and azure sky—  
Are fill'd with children born to misery.  
O ! save the children, it may be too late  
To save the parents, wedded to their state ;

Moulded to vice, debas'd; the aged tree  
May thwart our efforts, but the sapling we  
Can prune and train, and dig about its root,  
Our care rewarded by the golden fruit.

Behold! the Saviour casts a gracious look,  
On some, who his disciples do rebuke,  
Doubtless, the mothers of the infant throng,  
*Press'd anxious on,* maternal love how strong!  
What! bring young children to our sovereign  
Lord?

Impossible! his followers averr'd;  
See! round the ship the muttering tempest raves,  
Ocean responsive, yokes his bellowing waves,—  
Lash'd by the scorpion furies of the storm:  
He speaks! and lo! a great, a sudden calm!  
Will He descend to helpless infancy,  
To whom heaven's countless armies bow the knee?  
Ah yes! he takes the prattlers in his arms,  
Hushes their cries, and shelters them from harms.

O! we rejoice to see on every hand  
(Scatter'd like oases amid the sand,)  
The means of education widely spread,—  
Man liveth not alone by daily bread,

Our children's higher nature must be fed ;  
Then shall they emulate our pious sires,  
Their bosoms burn with patriotic fires ;  
Beauteous as palaces our daughters glow,  
Their loving eyes shall melt at others woe,  
Their gentle deeds of mercy shall not fail ;  
And they shall bless the world, like Florence  
Nightingale.

When shall we realise that blissful time,  
Foretold by ancient seers and bards sublime ?  
Revolving years to the appointed goal,  
Borne on the wheels of the four seasons roll ;  
Earth's teeming myriads still are born to sigh,  
It tarrieth, while long generations die ;  
Age after age appears and rolls away,  
" With God a thousand years are as a day,"  
Eternity, can take no note of Time,  
Finite, to Infinite, can never climb.

Slow wanes the night, thick darkness shrouds the  
vale,  
And all is silent, save the sighing gale  
Or murmuring stream that sings a soothing song,  
Adown the mountain as it rolls along ;



The city slumbers in unquiet rest,  
Disturb'd by visions of a "Time" more blest,  
When the young child shall with the serpent play,  
The kid disport nor be the leopard's prey,  
And lowing oxen lick the lion's mane;—  
(Symbols of Peace and Loves millennial reign.)  
Upon the walls the Watchman's voice I hear,  
Poets and priests—God's chosen ones—are there;  
"What of the night?" the awakening nations cry,  
"Tell us we pray ye, is the morning nigh?"  
"The Morning Star," they answer, "lights the  
gloom,  
Lo! now the Sun's first rays the East illumine."  
Praise ye the Lord, the pious soul replies,  
The Christian patriot turns his ravish'd eyes;  
Where Indian mountains catch the cheering  
beams,  
And sacred Ganges with new lustre gleams,  
The dusky millions on its banks are stirr'd  
(So morning's light awakes the sleeping bird  
The priests of Bramah hear the unwelcome sound,  
And see their idols totter to the ground.

Where the Pacific, countless islands laves,  
That stud the surface of its wide spread waves.

Where Nubian lions 'mid the desert roar,  
Or whales unwieldy roll round Greenland's shore;  
Above the glorious Island's of the West,  
In distant China,——Araby the blest,  
'Neath Eastern skies where the green banner floats—  
The Crescent, Islam's waning power denotes  
Where the Euphrates' waters, shall be dried,  
Kings of the East, *by Britain be supplied!*  
There is the standard of the cross unfurl'd,  
The words of Jesus yet shall rule the world.  
Light of the world, the flaming orb of day,  
Is but a taper kindled at thy ray,  
Brightness ineffable, no finite eye,  
Blind with excess of light, can thee descry,  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, the symbols of thy light,  
We see, but "Thou" art hidden from our sight,  
Until, *by Love, our vision purified,*  
Beholds Thee veil'd in *Him* the crucified.  
Lowly we bow, the mystery explore,  
And rapt in speechless ecstasy, adore.

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON BEHALF OF THE BIRMINGHAM DISCHARGED  
PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.

Divine Philanthropy ! come, lift the veil,  
That hides the ugly features of the Jail ;  
Ameliorate the wretched prisoner's doom,  
And shed a ray of hope, athwart the gloom  
That o'er his pathway lowers ; as thunder clouds  
Over a shattered barque, when through the  
shrouds

The dreadful tempest marches on its way,  
And all around the livid lightnings play :  
Guided by Thee a Howard cross'd the deep,  
To explore the dungeon, with the wretch to weep,  
Imbue *us* with his spirit ; let us know  
The luxury to feel another's woe,  
We seek not to arrest the just decree,  
" That *Crime* shall suffer woe and misery,"  
But we have sinned, and we may not steel  
Our hearts towards those, sins bitterness who feel:  
When on its hinges, grates the Prison door,  
Thro' the grim portal comes the wretch once more  
Into the light of Day, the good resolve  
May then have birth, he may desire to absolve  
His wickedness, in sight of God and man,  
Help him Christian people if you can.

## THE LOST FAWN.

(OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH, A FEW MONTHS AFTER HER  
MARRIAGE, OF LUCINDA ANN, WIFE OF MR. J. H. WOOD,  
OF NOTTINGHAM, A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.)

A graceful, gentle fawn,  
Left its sweet native dell,  
Within my lowly, humble cot,  
For love of me to dwell.

I tended it with care—  
It was a fragile thing,  
But beauteous as the primrose pale  
That greets the smile of Spring.

It cheer'd my lonely hearth,  
And nestleing at my side,  
Or bounding lightly o'er the plain,  
Became my joy and pride.

Alas ! how soon was I  
Left weeping all alone !  
The mighty lord of the domain,  
He claimed it as his own.

He sent his messenger,  
The wanderer to regain,  
I hung around its neck, and strove  
The lov'd one to detain.

"Weep not," he said, "you'll meet again,"  
And from my silent room,  
Through the dark valley, o'er the ford,  
He bore it safely home.

Within yon gates of pearl,  
Where crystal fountains play ;  
'Mid blooming meads and living streams,  
It dwelleth now for aye.

---

### THE SONG OF DUTY.

(FOR MUSIC.)

"Duty," is our trusty guide,  
As we tread Life's devious way ;  
Hark ! he carols merrily,  
Listen to his cheerful lay :

“Come my sons, true hearts and brave,  
Let us climb the mountain,  
Love shall bear us company,  
To Truth’s crystal fountain ;  
There we’ll rest and quench our thirst,  
At the sparkling water ;  
Free to all the blessed spring,  
By a good old charter,  
Follow ! follow !  
Taste the Living Water.”

“Oft, when faint and weary  
With their toilsome journey,  
Former travellers there have drank ;  
Knights of ancient tourney ;  
Thus refresh’d have scaled the heights,  
The eagle’s bleak dominions,  
Whence they soar’d aloft to Heaven,  
On Faith’s majestic pinions ;  
Follow ! follow !  
Hope, shall lend you pinions.”

## REQUIEM.

Autumnal tints have faded  
From the haunts we love ;  
Wintry winds are wailing  
Through the silent grove ;  
Nature's feathered minstrels  
Drooping, now are mute ;  
Wither'd leaves are falling ;—  
All Earth's golden fruit

Is gathered into garners ;  
Winter's sombre pall,  
Trimm'd with snowy ermine,  
Now hangs over all ;  
Every sparkling streamlet,  
Bound in Icy chain,—  
Waits, until the voice of Spring  
Bids it flow again.

Thus it is in Nature.  
Man, too, also dies,  
Thus the icy hand of Death  
Chills the hearts we prize ;

All the friends we cherish,  
In the tomb are laid,  
Earthly glories perish,  
Earthly roses fade.

Thus, earth's gifted singers,  
Bards renown'd for song,  
Cease their rapturous harmony,  
Dumb the tuneful tongue;  
All their glorious plumage,  
Soil'd and ruffled *here*,  
Brighten'd by the eternal spring,  
Blooms immortal, *there*.

In the heavenly garner,  
All laid up in store,  
Are the fruits, of holy souls  
Blest for evermore;  
No more tears or sorrow,  
They shall ever know,  
Ours tho loss, when summon'd  
From our arms they go.

Mourn;—our friend departed  
Lov'd all human kind,  
#3



Generous and large-hearted,  
Of enlighten'd mind ;  
He, the gates of knowledge,  
Unlock'd with golden key,  
Built the "PEOPLE'S COLLEGE,"\*—  
And Asylums free.

Yearn'd with tender pity,  
O'er the couch of pain ;  
The floods of his benevolence  
Fell like blessed rain ;  
Yonder noble building,  
Standing on the hill,†  
Mov'd his soul's rich sympathies,  
Liberal was his will.

Our dear loving brother,  
Joins the glorious throng,—  
Patriots, Martyrs, Sages,  
Known to sacred song.  
Sound a lofty poean,  
Shout in rapturous strains,  
"Earth hath lost a mortal,  
Heaven an angel gains."

\* At Nottingham. † The General Hospital, Nottingham.

Follow in his footsteps,  
Ye who have the power,  
Fairer is beneficence  
Than the eastern flower ;  
Brighter than the sunbeam,  
More precious than the gem,—  
Blessed works of charity ;  
Let us practice them.

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## THE DREAM.

(WRITTEN IN 1855.)

I had a dream, a blessed dream,  
As on my couch I lay ;  
Methought I wander'd by a stream,  
Whose banks with flowers were gay ;  
Around a sudden glory shone,  
And floated music's sweetest tone.

Two radiant forms were at my side,  
In robes of light array'd,

With whom on earth once close allied ;  
In sunlight and in shade,  
I trod the paths of joy and pain,  
Life's devious tract; o'er Time's fair plain.

In youthful bloom departed one,  
My lov'd and only *child* ;  
Through the red furnace one had gone,  
My suffering *mother* mild ;  
And now methought we met once more,  
On Heaven's, eternal, blissful shore.

They gave me an enrapturing look  
Of love and tenderness,  
And both their glorious garments shook,  
And sought my fond caress ;  
Their brows with wreaths immortal crown'd,  
The dead alive, the lost ones found.

The music of their accents fell,  
Upon my sooth'd and ravish'd ear,  
Like distant chime of sabbath bell  
On summer eve, o'er vale and mere,  
"Rejoice," I cried, the spell was broke,  
The lark was singing, I awoke.

## AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES

ON BEHALF OF THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

When foul oppression with unhallow'd heel  
Tramples on human rights, whose ready zeal  
Waits but direction generously to flow,  
And soon can lay the proud usurper low !  
When Britain's sons upon a distant coast,  
Famish'd and wounded, sank, a mournful host,  
Whose love responded to their dying cry,  
And flew to succour with quick sympathy !  
Whose glowing pen, far mightier than the sword,  
Can break the chains of tyranny, abhorred ;  
Gentle yet firm, heroically brave,  
Can burst the galling shackles of the slave !  
When on his couch the languid sufferer lies,  
Whose smile can cheer him, raise his drooping eyes,  
Like a kind angel, o'er his bed of death  
Breathe comfort, and receive his parting breath ?  
Whose? Gentle woman's, heaven's best gift below'  
The partner of our cares, our joy, and woe.

We ask your aid, dear sisters, in a sphere  
Where you can give assistance void of fear

That others will your conduct disapprove ;  
Come, let it be a test how much you love  
Your fellow creatures ; look on these young men  
(No personal interest prompts the writer's pen,  
He is not subject to their galling yoke,)—  
Say, do you wish to see their fetters broke ?  
The power is in your hands, to you we appeal,  
O manifest your sympathy with zeal !  
We blush to learn appeals have oft been made  
To you in vain!—resolve to lend your aid ;  
True to your tender instincts, them befriend,  
And bring the “Late Hour System” to an end.  
Do you admire the cultivated mind,  
Rich with the stores of knowledge—tastes refined,  
Upon the cheek to see health's blooming rose ?  
'Tis yours to plant it there, to give repose.  
Shall carelessness or vanity prevent  
The consummation of your good intent ?  
We will not hold you guiltless then, but no,  
The examples of a Nightingale and Stowe  
Forbid the thought ; you surely would not grieve  
Their loving hearts !—we cannot that believe ;  
Follow their blessed footsteps, and reveal,  
The sympathy, you for your brothers feel.

LINES ON SEEING A REDBREAST

ENTER A CATHEDRAL DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

Sweet Minstrel of the bowers,  
 Ah! wherefore art thou here,  
 Mingling thy song of Praise, with ours—  
 Hast *thou* a need of Prayer?

No sins yet unforgiven,  
 Are written against *thee*,  
 Why art thou present while to Heaven,  
 We bend the suppliant knee?

Thy sweet and plaintive note,  
 Inclines my soul to pray,  
 Whene'er I see thy russet coat;  
 And scarlet breast-knot gay.

While slumber seal'd our eyes  
 Thy matin hymn arose;  
 As grateful incense to the skies,  
 For blessing and repose.

A chorister of the heart,  
Amid the white robed band,  
I hear thine anthem, free from art,  
Thy liquid notes ascend.

Thou bear'st an honour'd name,  
Once, in the greenwood shade;  
Thy ancestors achiev'd great fame,  
Its brightness ne'er shall fade.

First at a mother's knee,  
I heard of their renown,  
And thence a generous sympathy  
Towards thee, I gladly own.

Thy jet black sparkling eye,  
Askance is watching me;  
My childhood' early friend draw nigh,  
Strong is my love for thee.

Nay take not hence thy flight,  
Need'st not of me have fear,  
Ah! that my presence should affright,  
My fellow worshipper.

Our gracious common Lord,  
Together let us praise ;  
Both were created by His Word,  
He, numbereth all our days.

His bounty us doth feed,  
Alike we both must die,  
Thy home,—in barn or forest glade,—  
And mine, He doth espy.

Farewell, if thou wilt go !  
When rattling 'gainst the pane,  
Stern Winter drives the sleet and snow,  
We then may meet again.

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## AN EPISTLE TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

(WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1856.)

We will not fight you, Jonathan ;  
Not that we've any fears ;  
But how the Despots all would laugh  
To see us " by the ears."



And how the good and wise would mourn !  
     So prithee cease your bother ;  
 How could you strike your mother dear,  
     My Transatlantic Brother ?

We will not fight you, Jonathan,  
     We are too close allied ;  
 Your Emerson and Longfellow  
     We look upon with pride.  
 You speak the tongue our Shakspeare spake,  
     In which great Milton sung—  
 How could we fight you, Jonathan ?  
     Do hold your foolish tongue !

We will not fight you, Jonathan,  
     We may have been to blame,  
 But have we not apologized.  
     Don't kindle war's fierce flame.  
 Turn out the noisy demagogues  
     Who counsel "draw the sword,"  
 And hang them on the nearest tree,  
     By gods and men abhorr'd.

## TWO ACROSTICS.

## I.

W here "Avon" wanders thro' the flowery mead,  
 I n shady Warwickshire ; the bard was born ;  
 L oving fair Nature's volume aye to read,  
 L oving to learn from her ; at night and morn  
 I nstinctively to her embraces drawn :  
 A h ! blest is he who doth her counsels heed ;  
 M arvellous mysteries, her pupils learn.

S ounding along the corridor of Time,  
 H ark ! heard you not his glorious song sublime ?  
 A ll Hail ! before that form august we bow,  
 K ingly of mien, the laurel on his brow,  
 S erene, his eye "doth in fine frenzy roll,"  
 P iercing the depths, and glancing to the pole,  
 E nchantment o'er the ravish'd spirit breathing.  
 A ttiring every soul in robes of joy,  
 R ound every heart a golden chain enwreathing ;  
 E ngland, in *him*, Time shall not *thee* destroy.

## II.

F ar off upon a foreign shore,  
L ay Britain's heroes, in their gore;  
O 'er them drifted wintry snows,  
R ound encamp'd were savage foes;  
E bon Horror, spread her wing;  
N aked, famish'd, perishing,  
C rush'd and bleeding, there they lay;  
E bb'd Life's crimson tide away.

N one were near to aid and bless;  
I n the hour of their distress,  
G entle, brave, heroic, mild,  
H eavenly as a little child,  
T hen a tender Woman, came,  
I n her blessed Master's name,  
N urs'd them with an Angel's care,  
(G od hath Angels in *this* sphere)  
A ll their woes to soothe, her aim;  
L ong shall live her spotless fame,  
E ngland aye shall bless her name.

c

